I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards wouldoe make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wasselfull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely vauaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake,

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth di
And some of loue, and some of chet
But none fitter then this to applie
Now listen a while, and hearken t

There grewe an aged Tree
A goodly Oake sometime
With armes full strong and large
But of their leaues they were disa
The bodie bigge, and mightely pi
Throughly rooted, and of wonder
Whilome had bene the King of t
And mochell mast to the hul band
And with his nuts larded many
But now the gray mosse marred h
His bared boughes were beaten
His toppe was bald, & wasted wit
His honor decayed, his braunches
Hard by his side grewe a bragg
Which proudly thrust into Thele
And seemed to threat the Firman
Ye was embellisht with blossomes
And thereto aye wonned to repay
The shepheards daughters, to ga
To peinct their girlonds with his
And in his small bushes bled to sh
The sweete Nightingale singing
Which made this foolish Brere w
That on a time he cast him to scol
And snebbe the good Oake, for h
Why standst there (quoth he)
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe ser
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene
Dyed in Lilly white, and Creinsi
With Leaues engrained in lusty
Colours meete to clothe a mayden